The Seed Sower.

A Magazine for the Church, the School, and the Home

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An Irish Lullaby.

Softly now the burn is rushing,
Every lark its song is hushing,
On the moor thick rest is falling
Just one heather-blade is calling—
Calling, calling, lonely, lonely,
For my darling, for my only,
'Leanbáin O, 'Leanbáin O!

Trotting home, my dearie, dearie,
Wee black lamb comes, wearie, wearie,
Hear its soft feet pit-a-patting
Quickly o'er the flowery matting
See its brown-black eyes a-blinking—
Of its bed, it's surely thinking,
'Leanbáin O, 'Leanbáin O!

The hens to roost wee Nora's shooing
Brindley in the byre is mooring,
The tired-out cricket's quit is calling
Velvet sleep on all is falling—
Lark and cow, and sheep and starling—
Hear it kiss our white-haired darling,
'Leanbáin O, 'Leanbáin O!

Seumas MacManus.

It is so that we must come to the sense of the deepness of the blessing of the life we live. Go into the heart of it, at whatever labour and pain; enter mightily into its duties; watch not for its shadow alone, as complainers do, but most of all for its light.—*Robert Collyer.*

The World Transfigured.

By the Rev. S. M. Crothers, D.D.

And after six days Jesus taketh with him Peter, and James, and John, and leadeth them up into an high mountain, apart by themselves: and he was transfigured before them. —Mark ix., 2.

There have been times when we have looked out upon the familiar world, and it has been invested with a strange glory. A winter snow-storm transforms it. Houses and trees become enchanted palaces and forests. Sometimes at sunset a mystical radiance makes everything beautiful. We walk upon the common earth, but we see visions of heavenly splendour.

Just as there are moments when we see a transfigured world, so there are times when we see a transfigured humanity. In the light of a great love, a great joy, or a great grief, we see what we had not seen before. Those who had seemed commonplace seem heroic. We behold them as spirits clothed in flesh. There is a sublime meaning to their existence. Their destiny is involved in a divine purpose, and not merely in physical causation. The moments of transfiguration are those in which we see a mystical quality in human life.

It is not every day that we are previleged thus to see or feel; but the question of tremendous importance is whether we shall treat such moments seriously. Do they give us real insight into truth, or do they cheat us

with idle dreams. As we grow in knowledge, do we find the world more and more transfigured before us, more and more beautiful and wonderful; or does knowledge mean disillusion, and, at length, despair?

The philosophy of disillusion is one which is frequently taught in these days. Ignorance, it is said, wonders, and admires, and worships. As we are educated we are disenchanted. The colours and the lights that had pleased us fade away, and we see just a few commonplace forces, a few poor materials which had been cheating us into the idea that we were living in a divine universe. The more the man knows the more unhappy he must become, according to this view. The clearer his sight, the less of the heroic and sublime, and the more of the commonplace he perceives.

The other thought is that we are living in a world half realized; with dull faculties, with an imperfect sense, as yet, of higher values, with little capacity at the beginning for the enjoyment of truth; and gradually our eyes are being opened to see these finer things, and our ears attuned to the eternal harmonies, so that the more we are developed the more divine the world will seem. In the one case, all growth in knowledge and power is looked upon as aimless, as a mere mockery of fate. In the other it is the divine illumination, the transfiguration of the world. The one attitude is irreligious; the other is increasingly religious.

All religion is based upon the idea that could we know, could we see and appreciate reality, we should come to a point where worship and wonder and love are not only natural but inevitable. One of the interesting changes which we see coming over the thought of educated men in this generation is the gradual perception that this religious preconception of the world as wonderful, and as worth knowing and loving, is not merely necessary to religion in its narrower sense, but is necessary to all wholesome living. It is necessary to education, necessary to any high social advancement, necessary to any earnest belief in human progress or human happiness. A generation ago men of science, while delighted in the new revelations open to them, were smiling self-complacently at the strange predicament which had come to the Church. It seemed that the external activities of the Church were going on while there was a confusion in regard to its real purpose. It was the same thing that had happened to Israel long ago. "Israel hath forgotten his maker and buildeth temples." The main impulse to worship had grown weak. The religious sentiment was weak, and yet the outward work was still going on. It was evident that this could not go on long. Religious activity could not long survive the decay of faith. What men of science did not see then as they are coming to see now is that faith is a necessity not only to the work of the Church but to the work of the school and of all the institutions of higher civilization. The men who work for civic justice, the men who work for general education—these men are just as much dependent upon a sentiment which is in its nature spiritual, as is the priest before the altar.

America forgets its love of freedom, its love of justice, forgets the sentiment which to the fathers was all-essential; America forgets righteousness and builds cities; and corporations are organized, and constitutions formed, and all the splendid machinery of government made perfect—but what does it profit? When the inspiring ideal has faded, the constitutions are but so much paper, and the laws are disregarded and men buy and sell for gold what their fathers gave their very lives to procure.

No one can look upon human society and say that back of it all there is not a certain faith in some spiritual reality which must first transfigure all our ideals and then transform all our methods. The school forgets the unselfish love of knowledge, forgets the ideal of plain living and high thinking, builds its machinery as if this were an end in itself, and out of it comes that doubt which reduces all to nothingness again. "Why should I seek these things of the mind? Why should I seek a larger knowledge? What is the good of it all—is it not a mere piling up of useless rubbish?"

George Eliot, in her poem called "The College Breakfast Party," describes a certain type of character which sometimes mistakes itself for the finished result of education. He is

". . . metaphysical and sensuous,
Questioning all things and yet half-convinced.
Credulity were better; held inert
'Twixt the fascinations of all opposites,
And half-suspecting that the highest soul—
Perhaps his own—was union of extremes,
Having no choice, but choice of everything
As drinking deep to-day for love of wine
To-morrow half a Brahmin, scorning life as mere illusion."

Now, just as when religion loses its primal inspiration, its transfiguring and transforming thought of God in man, it degenerates into mere Phariseeism and formalism, so does learning degenerate into pedantry and dilettantism. It loses its spiritual impulse and spiritual purpose.

Knowledge must be a transfiguration of the world and not a process of disillusion if people are to permanently to follow after it. In the forest of Arden, when Rosalind found the melancholy philosopher wrapped in the "sundry contemplation of his travels," and priding himself that he had reached that stage of perfect disillusion, she said to him very wisely, "Your experience makes you sad: I would rather have a fool to make me merry than experience to make me sad; and travel for it, too."

In the long run, men are not going to travel far for that which does not in some way add either to their happiness, to their strength, or to their moral power. At the last, everything we achieve must be judged by its power truly to minister to human welfare. We shall not long continue to do what does not really seem to us worth doing. In the "Dunciad" Pope describes the goddess Dulness, "Daughter of Chaos and eternal Night,"

"Laborious, heavy, busy, bold and blind,
She ruled, in native anarchy, the mind."

In a footnote it is said "Dulness is not here to be taken contractedly for mere stupidity, but for all slowness of apprehension, shortness of sight, or imperfect sense of things."

Now every man who stands for the reality of the things of the spirit is a rebel against this old goddess Dulness. He is trying to overcome the short-sightedness and imperfect sense of things which hide from us the heavenly vision. We are blind and dull, we need inspiration and illumination. It is in vain that we heap up facts, unless some transfiguring thought shines upon them.

When any man comes to us with face all aglow, having seen something of that vision, he is our teacher, he is our master. For him the world has been transfigured. Before, everything had seemed chaotic, common things uninteresting. Now we see a great power eternally at work in all these outward things, transforming them into a world of reason and order.

And when we come to our religious life, to the work that lies before us, it is nothing less than this: not the building of temples, but the finding God and the worshipping God; not the following out of old traditions, but the entering into new life.

How did this man know, said the Scribes, pointing to Jesus, seeing that he has never learned—learned at our schools?—and then to a few fishermen he was transfigured. They saw him to be one who communed directly with the eternal, and in the hour of such communions he stood as with Moses and Elias, the great heroic figures of the past, not dependent upon the accidents of the day, but in the presence of the eternal light and life. We have our arguments that are fitted for the commonplace day; we have our books, which "prove God so definitely that our doubt grows well defined on the other side of the line." Now and then we have our moments not of argument but of light and of vision,—moments when the spiritual things are the only things, and all the outward world becomes only symbolic of that eternal world. There are moments when a man feels that he cannot die, and "knows himself, no vision to himself." Afterwards, it may be, the light for the time fades away. He goes back to his common life, to his common work, but always the memory of the great moment comes to him. He says, This is the true thing; this is no illusion; this is life; this is the reality which I long have sought. He believes that the ultimate reality must be in its nature spiritual.

Fat People.

FAT people cannot be exactly called the "salt of the earth," but they are fairly entitled to be considered its sugar. There is a certain sweetness, or, at least, mellowness, about healthful and cheerful obesity which spreads on all around the sense that life is, after all, not a bad thing. What optimism is to the intellect, the tendency to grow fat is to the body, and the mental and material characters mostly harmonise in the same individual. There is the same generous power of assimilation applicable alike to the food which the man eats and the facts he observes. He chooses of both what agrees with him, and does not swallow sour, indigestible fruit, nor notice the more bitter realities of human existence. He does not "quarrel with his bread and butter," in the literal or metaphorical sense of the words. Not for him is the theory that "nothing is new, and nothing is true, and it don't matter." He believes in the solid earth; else how could he tread on it? Gloomy doubts, dark suspicions, and evil fears, he throws off by the healthful action of his mental epidermis. According to his vocation in life, he is a "jolly tar;" a foxhunter with a "view halloo!" capable of wakening the dead; or a host as mellow as his ale. You will not find him writing saturnine reviews, or preaching after the manner of the Rev. Dr. Brimstone, or joining secret associations for the purpose of blowing up obnoxious workmen, or shooting superfluous emperors. The people who work for the female franchise complain that they can never induce a fat man seriously to entertain the subject of the wrongs of women. "Whatever is," he is inclined to think, "is right." His cruse of the oil of gladness is always moderately full, and it is not his specialty to pry into the empty vessels of his neighbours. He feels, like that grand optimist, Marcus Aurelius, who viewed the panorama of life from the rather advantageous position of the throne of the world, "that fate has done well by him and by everybody." The very faults of a fat man are less acerbate than those of other people. There is a certain jovial ease about him which makes it hard to view them with strict severity. As Falstaff said of himself, he has "more flesh than other men, therefore more frailty." It is to be expected there should be some relaxation of discipline for people who can never, figuratively or otherwise, gird up their loins very tightly. Then there is a notion, too, which is only common justice, that a fat man has a good deal to bear, and must not have needless burdens thrust upon him. Nobody could expect him to take the same sort of trouble for his neighbours which might be looked for from an active, fussy, little man; and if the fat man does get in a passion now and then, there is a certain fitness of things about his portentous wrath, a rotundity in his angry expressions, and a security that the mere force of gravitation will cause the disturbance shortly to subside, which almost reconcile us to the offence. No fear from him of long-cherished spite, and hidden bitterness, and vengeance nursed in the recesses of his capacious person. He could not be the man he is, were there any gall among his secretions; and every superfluous pound of flesh on his form is a public guarantee that he bears no rancour in his soul.

Generally the fat man is somewhat selfish. It is not by attending to other people's affairs that he has accumulated that abundance of adipose matter. He finds in himself always, as Rochefoucauld says, "sufficient force to endure the ills of other men." To the evils they suffer, his eyes have a tendency gently to close; and a maxim for which he has much favour is that "Charity begins at hime." He is fond of his wife and children—a fat man is generally married—and likes to see them looking cheerful, especially at meal-times; but he does not fret himself very grievously when things go wrong with them, unless they die, and of that evil the fat man has peculiar horror. He hates the idea of severance between the soul and the comfortable body. The epitaph on an obese gentleman—

> "Reader, whoe'er thou art, oh! tread
> not hard,
> For Tadlow lies all over this church-
> yard,"

might be appropriate to him, but shocks his feelings. No fat man ever committed suicide, nor yet, that ever we heard of, any crime liable to capital punishment. Look at the lean wretches in Madame Tussaud's Chamber

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of Horrors, and say if there be not inductive proof that to commit murder it is needful to have a bad complexion and no superfluous corpulence!

All these circumstances being taken into consideration, fat people may themselves think they have less than justice done them in the world. Ought they not to be looked on as the pillars of the commonwealth—the solid ballast of the ship of State, liable to no sudden shiftings? Is not their very presence in a country a credit to it, a sort of permanent itinerant human cattle-show, proving how plentiful is the food, how wholesome the air, how settled and dignified all the conditions of existence, in that favoured land? When we look at countries where fat men are rare, as in France or America, do we not see that there the population must be seething in political discontent, or struggling with unseemly haste for the possession of dollars? Revolutions and civil wars are only natural occurrences amidst lean and lanky peoples. A nation whose Registrar-General could announce that the average weight of adult manhood had reached thirteen stone, would infallibly repose in eternal peace and prosperity, and sing the "Roast Beef of Old England" to the end of time, instead of those thin and restless jigs, "Yankee Doodle" and "Partant pour la Syrie.."

But, alas! instead of bestowing due honour and offering appropriate decorations—such, for instance, as those which are hung on prize meat at Christmas—to the few living representatives and forerunners of such a millennium, they are treated too often amongst us with most unfitting irreverence. The levity so remote from their appearance is transferred by some inscrutable process to the minds of those who contemplate them; and a man who has nothing to do but to fall on his neighbour's neck to reduce him to a platitude, is yet treated by that mere hollow mask of humanity as if his immensity of solid flesh were the natural target of scorn. A joke is understood to be ten times a joke when launched against a person more than forty inches in girth. To be obliged to share a seat in a public conveyance with one of those calm and bland and generally cleanly persons, is looked upon as an adventure to be hereafter narrated among the titters of an audience unworthy—in point of weight—to tie those shoes which Mr. Banting in his earlier and better days found it impossible to fasten for himself. Nothing really heroic, much less sentimental, is accepted from a fat person. As to the poetry of life, a man who happens to have a tendency to superfluous flesh has nothing to do but to abjure it from the first. Think how Gibbon, the most majestic of historians, has been laughed at for a century for going down on his knees to make love, and finding it impossible to get up till the lady rang for her footman to help him!

No! Among the neglected heroes, the misunderstood glories of our race, fat people must certainly be reckoned. But, in spite of public ingratitude, they have even now a measure of reward and a source of ineffable consolation. Their rights cannot wholly be ignored even by the lightest and most frivolous of mankind. When a fat man enters a drawing-room, there is no ignoring his presence; he is never overlooked in the crowd. The mistress of the house must perforce attend to the object which for the moment fills her doorway. Then, as the obese "party" proceeds into the room, and seeks, perhaps modestly, to seat himself or herself on a small ordinary chair, with what alacrity of courtesy does the hostess rush to prevent the hazardous experiment! Oh, don't sit on that uncomfortable seat, Mrs. Adipose! Do, pray, try this large arm-chair by the fire!" Mrs. Adipose smiles sweetly at this version of "Friend, go up higher," knowing perfectly well that tender alarm for the cane article of furniture, rather than concern for her own ease, has prompted the removal. But she seats herself, necessarily with some stir and dignity, on the solid throne by the hearth, and the result is, that for the whole evening she occupies the place of honour, and is insensibly treated by everybody as the first lady in the room. After all, as Miss Thackeray confesses, "size has a dignity of its own," a claim to honour which it is vain to contest; and when the fat man rises to his proper and becoming eminence, and takes his seat on the Woolsack, the Bench of Bishops, or the Treasury Bench, then all mankind recognize the natural fitness of things, and greet the new dignitary with the Eastern benediction, "May your shadow never be less!"

FRANCES POWER COBBE.

"The Imitation of Christ."

THOMAS A KEMPIS.

BY MARY HOLE, CLIFTON.

(Read at a meeting of Clifton Guild.)

WE were told a short time ago of a lady who wrote in her Bible, after the last verse of the Book of Revelation, that it was the last spoken word of God to mankind. It is a view held by many people; but with broader and more comprehensive ideas of God's revelation of Himself *in* man and *to* man comes the belief that all the noble and uplifting work of all the ages and of all nations is actually inspired by God. Foremost among the God-given books in this world we place the Bible;—and after the Bible, speaking from my own very limited standpoint, I should place *The Imitation of Christ*, by Thomas à Kempis.

Thomas à Kempis was born at Kempen, in Bavaria, in 1379 or 80, and died in 1471. His father's name was John Hammerken, but in accordance with a rather prevalent custom of those times of linking a man's name with that of his birthplace, he has come down to posterity as Thomas à Kempis, or Thomas of Kempen. His father was a poor, hard-working peasant, but his mother I think must have had certain endowments of intellect unusual in her class, as she kept a small school for the younger children of the town, and it was very probably from her that Thomas inherited his literary bent. When twelve years old he was sent to a rather famous school in those days, at Deventer, founded by Gerhard Groot, whom Thomas, with a schoolboy's love of hero-worship, revered as an almost ideal personage.

The lad was of a studious, retiring disposition, and preferred to spend his days in reading and musing apart from his fellow-students, and gradually the conviction came to him, which was encouraged by his instructors, that it was his vocation to become a monk, and in 1399, he was accordingly received into the Augustinian Monastery of Mt. St. Agnes, where he afterwards received priest's orders, and eventually became sub-prior.

This monastery was poor. I do not know whether the Augustinian monks take a vow of poverty, but at all events those at Mt. St. Agnes had to earn to support their household, and it is on record that they helped to fill their coffers chiefly by copying manuscripts. Thomas was evidently very painstaking and persevering in this work, and among other things he made a complete copy of the Bible, of which he had a most intimate knowledge, as is shown in his writings. He also wrote a chronicle of the Monastery, together with sermons and several biographies of some of his contemporaries, and a number of small pamphlets about monastic life. He also instructed the novices and endeavoured to impress upon them that it was not the letter of the law, but the spirit that mattered.

It is because he was known to be such a great copyist that at one time doubt was thrown on his authorship of *The Imitation of Christ*, as it was first given to the world anonymously—but I believe there has never been any substantial proof against it. His placid, uneventful life in the monastery was a great contrast to the stirring times in which he lived. The 14th and 15th centuries were very stormy ones for Europe. England and France were continually at war with one another, as were many of the smaller States of middle-Europe, and the Roman Catholic Church was in a very unsettled condition with rival Popes at Avignon and Rome. The peaceable ones among the clergy had as much as they could do to maintain discipline and order.

But the din of the war-storm and the disquietude of ecclesiastical quarrels never disturbed the peacefulness of Mt. St. Agnes, and there was written, by the simple, pure-minded, contented monk, the book which has been translated into more languages than any other except the Bible, and which has appealed to the hearts of so many men of different nationalities, characters, and conditions of life.

The guiding principles of all that was best in mediæval Christianity were those of St. Francis of Assisi—namely, that Christ could be best imitated by obedience, poverty, and chastity. It was a teaching that favoured the monastic life and gave new force to it.

Obedience was not merely to ecclesiastical superiors, but the subordination of the lower part of man's nature to the higher. Nevertheless the Church still clung as strongly as ever to the Sacraments as the means of grace, and if we bear this in mind we shall find it much easier to appreciate and love *The Imitation.*

The Imitation of Christ is divided into four books—

The first containing "Admonitions, Useful for a Spiritual Life";

The second, "Admonitions pertaining to Inward Things";

The third, "Of Internal Consolation"; and

The fourth, "A Devout Exhortation to the Holy Communion."

The first three embody ideas of right and wrong, good and evil, justice and injustice, that can be accepted by all religious-minded people of any sect, because they give utterance to the great truths of life which we feel in our own hearts to be the only truths, dealing with charity and patience and resistance to temptation, pride and selfishness.

The fourth book, in my opinion, can only appeal in its fullness to the devout Roman Catholic—it is written in an ecstasy of religious enthusiasm, and deals entirely with the office of the Sacrament as interpreted by the Roman Church. According to the Romanist view an actual miracle happens each time the communicant participates in the service.

The chief injunction in the book is that Christ should be put before all things, and that the Will of God should be accepted cheerfully and bravely as a holy trust, to be faithfully borne through this life till the end.

Great stress is laid on the necessity of time for quiet thought and prayer, and I am sure that to Thomas à Kempis the hurry and rush of our lives to-day would have seemed a very great evil, and I am also sure that he would have been a great advocate for more simplicity of life—as most great reformers have been, such as Socrates, St. Francis, and Christ. It is the simplicity which makes us go back to the foundations, and think of the great realities of life as the only things that absolutely matter.

We are struck, in reading this book, by its marvellous knowledge of and insight into human nature. We wonder how a man living almost always in a monastery could know so much about everyday life, about the difficulties and temptations of the world outside its walls. I can only suppose that the Augustinian monks carried their ministrations sometimes into the homes of the people in the villages and countryside near by, and that with a wonderful gift of sympathy Thomas à Kempis learnt from them of their trials and disappointments.

The Imitation has this feature in common with the Bible, that it can be understood by everyone, and has no depths which can only be sounded by great study and learning. It brings home to us (as the Bible does), that we to-day experience the same doubts and difficulties which people experienced hundreds of years ago—that human nature is the same now in its essentials as when the author was writing. It is written in the same rhythmic style as some parts of the Bible, and it used sometimes to be chanted after the manner of the Psalms. It embodies an almost ascetic disregard of creature-comforts and worldly possessions, and enjoins us to think only "of the sweet and delightful service of God by which a man is made truly free." "This is the highest wisdom," he says, "by contempt of the world to press forward towards heavenly kingdoms." We are instructed to "think nothing of ourselves, and to think always well and highly of others. . . . to conquer ourselves, and daily to wax stronger than ourselves." He naturally lays great stress upon obedience to authority, and thinks that peace is to be obtained by withdrawing from the world. "How," he asks, "can he abide long in peace, who seeketh occasions abroad, who little or seldom recollecteth himself within his own breast? . . . If thou didst but consider how much peace unto thyself and joy unto others thou shouldst procure by demeaning thyself well, I trow thou wouldst be more careful for thy spiritual progress." He believes very greatly in the discipline of affliction and adversity—as thereby we may turn our crosses into blessings, and that the trial by temptation is often "very profitable" to a man, for thus he may be humbled, purified, and instructed.

The New Reformation.

We have had in Protestantism so far, and for the most part, prophets of protest, of foresight a few; but we have never builded anew since the Reformation. That was a reformation because it broke with the past, shifting theology and religious life on to a distinctively modern platform. Since that we have not dared a new creed-footing, a readjustment of ourselves to new knowledge, larger science, and fresh light from investigation. We have counted only on one inspiration; and, as palpably there is nothing of the sort to be allowed in these days, we have rehearsed that of antiquity. Our inspired men have been antiques, and our sacred words have been heard out of the depth of the past. A new day is dawning. Recent theology breaks with antiquity as sharply as history breaks with mythology or astronomy with astrology.

Paul Sabatier, explaining the breach of Church and State in France, tells us it is a breach, not only with the Church at Rome, but with all churches. Democracy has educated a people to do its own thinking. An absolute creed is as impossible in these days as absolutism of any other sort. He considers it a deep and total breach with antiquity. In England, also, Church disestablishment is practically accomplished; and, if not to-day, it is a near to-morrow when the educational system of England will be free from clerical control. M. Sabatier adds that France is not becoming more Protestant as she is distinctively becoming less Catholic. Something is coming about entirely non-Catholic and non-Protestant,—something deeper and much farther in its outlook. A new schism is not to be looked for, but a new leavening—of the whole lump. "The critical spirit has found its way into all spheres of thought and life, and nothing can resist it. Every truth that is demonstrated to be a truth is hereafter orthodox." M. Sabatier says farther that, if among the priests or elsewhere a prophet with overflowing heart and eloquent speech shall arise, we will all see an awakening of faith which has not been seen in the world since the Reformation of the sixteenth century.

The tide has turned quite as sharply in America. At last the religious and theological books that emanate from orthodoxy are constructive on a new and advanced basis. Combat with higher criticism and common science has about ceased. There is no longer a question about the creation of the world in six days or six æons or creation at all. Equally let alone are the old mythological topics, concerning the creation of woman as an afterthought, the supernatural birth of Jesus, and even the verity of miracles. The new orthodoxy is a matter of frank and full yielding of these absurd contentions. A dozen books during the last six months have appeared, which have brought theology once more to the front; but it is a new theology, vitally constructive of a new faith. There is hardly a taint of Calvinism or Westminsterism in any one of them, although some of them have issued from our theological seminaries and others from our universities,—the work of our preachers. Hence comes their power. They will assuredly transfer the Church to a better vantage-ground, to a positive and aggressive position, whereas it has too long been only defensive, but not defensible.

Not many years ago a few pioneers were working alone, the way was lighted only from above. There were no windows brotherward. Liberalism, freedom, rationalism were detested, hated. The day of the heretic is over. Like a lot of sheet lightning a church court flashes danger signals. The only result is to show the impossibility any longer of executing dogmatic judgments. Let the old past bury its dead. Thank God, we have got something better to do. We have no longer any time to wrangle over miracles and myths. The storm quiets. The rage of ecclesiasticism calms into a breeze of discontent, of which nothing can come. The Church has waked up to a new life. A great day is ahead of us. Christianity has something else on which to base its claims beside supernaturalism and tradition. It is a living love that it proclaims. What we are going to have is not a bundle of creeds, made out of scientific errors and theological dreams, but a creed of glowing and expanding inspirational truth; not a creed for ecclesiastics to rule with, but a creed for a business man to square to, do business by, and share by. And this

is what we have long needed,—a living vital creed for the present-day and every-day needs, a creed that carries the golden rule into our kitchens and workshops and counting-rooms, a creed for our commercial life and our national life. We believe that our forecast is fully warranted by the events of the present day. The Church has lost its taste for wrangling. It has become constructive of the new life. Let us move forward with all our might, believing in God and the Golden Rule.—*The Christian Register.*

The Work of the National Conference Union for Social Service.

THERE are few incidents to which I look back with more unmingled satisfaction than my first encounter with a group of the roughest lads in Lisson Grove. They were already a club, or to use the local term, a "click," but they had no gathering place except the street corner, and there they were constantly liable to be disturbed and dispersed by the police. Would I find them a club-room? The room was quickly found in the London Domestic Mission Building in Bell Street, and by degrees it was furnished and fitted for club purposes, while sentiment of *camarderie* grew up between the managers and the members of this new and modest social institution.

I wish to indicate the relation of the work proposed by our Union* to such work as I have just described, and especially in doing this to emphasise the distinction between two different types of social service. Our Union as such could hardly found a lads' club, and since this is so it may be said not to be practical. In a sense that is quite true. But then if the aim of the Union had been this simple one, it could hardly have been necessary to call it into existence. So many of our Churches are already engaged in such social work as this. They are not certainly doing all their duty in this respect, but they are doing much.

The task to which this Union of Social Service seems called is a more ambitious, more difficult, and not less necessary one. The world is pulsing with a new consciousness of social responsibility, and when we look into the facts of the industrial world in which we live we become aware of a fundamental contradiction between the facts and the faith by which we live. The gross and excessive inequalities of human conditions are incompatible with our religion of brotherhood. But no mere sentiment of humanity will suffice to remove the evils we deplore. Those evils are stubborn, and their root is to be found partly in defects of individual character, partly in the economic structure of society, partly in a faulty educational system. Nor is it possible to disentangle the causes and say this is personal, this economic. Now until we remove the causes we cannot cure the wrong, and before removing the causes we must understand them. The members of our churches, who are also members of this Union, invite their fellow members of the Churches to accept the duty of studying the causes of social wrong, and to do this with a view to consequent action in the direction of a more just and stable social order. This is the imperative obligation imposed by the growing consciousness of social responsibility, and if it is to be rightly discharged it should be brought into indissoluble connection with the living texture of our corporate religious life. The *Union for Social Service exists to promote such social study, with a view to social action, and rooted in a religious faith.*

The Union founds no club, but it does seek to evoke the temper and gain the knowledge which will equip men to play their part more strongly in discharge of the duty owed by society to the lad, not only for an evening hour, but in all the circumstances of his life.

METHODS OF STUDY.

What is wanted is to find or form groups of men and women in all our churches who are ready to devote time and thought to the earnest consideration of some aspect of the pressing social question. The Union for Social Service has asked to be allowed to render assistance in the formation of such Study Circles. Syllabuses of study have already been drawn up on the following subjects:—*Introduction to the Problem of*

* The present writer is a joint secretary of the Union but he is not writing in capacity, and wishes it to be understood that he is responsible for opinion herein expressed.

Poverty, Sweated Industries, Underpaid Labour, The Care of the Feeble-Minded; and others are in preparation on such questions as Land and Housing, together with one on the improved use of existing laws. But the first three are printed, and any student who cares to see them is very welcome to them if he will ask for them. The Union is also prepared to advise members of the churches who may wish to study any other social problem, and would further be glad to hear from any who may be at present organising such work in their own congregation.

So much for the syllabuses. Arrangements have also been made to issue a list of lecturers who are prepared to visit congregations and lecture on a large number of social topics. This list will be circulated to secretaries and others in good time for the coming autumn engagements. It is hoped in this way to spread knowledge; but I think the diffusion of information, important as it is, is subsidiary to another ideal, that of focusing sympathy and interest into study and resolve.

With a view to Action.

I have said that the practical aim must be kept in view. It is time to add an explanation and make a distinction. The preparatory work of studying causes of distress is work which should be accepted by us as members of religious Societies. It is part of our corporate spiritual life and function. And that is so because the specific task which confronts the Church to-day, or rather of which the Church is becoming more conscious to-day, is the establishment of the Kingdom of God on earth. The task involves economic as well as other changes, and the Churches may not shink from the responsibility. But *as* churches they can hardly take action. Their business rather is to inspire resolve. The precise measures to be adopted will have to be discussed in the political arena. In that controversy we shall stand in different camps as Conservatives, Liberals, or Socialists. So long as opinions differ disagreement must continue. But we shall be better party men if we have also faced the great principles of social reform first of all, not as party men, but as fellow members of a Church.

What is required is collective thought and resolve among Church members. The action also must be collective, but we shall act as politicians and as citizens.

Attitude to Socialism.

The members of the Union include Socialists and non-Socialists. That fact means that a point would come beyond which they would find it difficult to act together. The point would be reached very quickly if it were proposed to press for any single measure of reform, such as the socialisation of the land. But that is not the case. And the Union is really based on the consciousness of an agreement behind all differences of opinion. On 99 points of opinion we might clash, but the one point in which there is accord transcends them all for the specific object of this Union. The great conception of social responsibility is no exclusive possession of Socialists, and does not by itself constitute Socialism, because it lies even deeper in the heart of the modern consciousness. But however real the new perception may be, the world and the Churches are still very far from a right understanding of the economic and other issues involved. And since this is the case there is urgent need for such a society as the National Conference Union for Social Service. It is a Union for common council and endeavours to bring together the members of our churches that they may bravely, considerately, and resolutely face the intolerable contradiction between the facts of social life and the faith of a human brotherhood.

B. Kirkman Gray.

Norton Way, Letchworth.

Forget the things behind, look forward to the things before. The wisdom of a divine life lies hid in this principle.—*Robertson.*

Seek God in those hours which have appeared to you so empty, and they will become full to you; for he will himself sustain you in them.—*Fénélon.*

If any one shall say unto thee that thou knowest nothing, and notwithstanding thou must not be vexed, then know thou that thou hast begun thy work.—*Epictetus.*

Lost Ideals.

To people verging toward old age, who mainly spend their lives in reflecting on the past, present, and to come of existence that bounds their view of actual experience, it is a sombre thought that many of the ideals of their youth that in the far-off retrospect look so sweet and tranquil are lost, or fast disappearing for the adolescence of the present day. In the mighty turmoil and rush of modern existence, whether it being owing to the changed position of woman, the progress of a triumphant democracy, or the terrible struggle of competition, something bold, hard, almost brutal rises up before the mind in place of the old-fashioned courtesy, politeness, delicate consideration, and leisurely friendships that marked the manners of the most refined and cultivated circles of a former day.

To judge great things by small indications, manners have to a considerable extent lost their graciousness and urbanity. Many of the dear old fairies that once presided at the domestic hearth, that met us in our daily walks, and sat with us about the fireside of our friends, have taken flight, are perhaps wearing crêpe and black-bordered handkerchiefs in some sad, far-away exile. The fine flower of courtesy is a beautiful expression, and, whether worn by young or old, is a very lovely and delicate ornament. In this matter are we far behind the people who formerly lived in the brick or frame houses on the village street,—the squire, the parson, the doctor who generally had a tincture of good breeding that now in our social calculations, reduced to a system of debt and credit, seems almost lost.

Now we scarcely dare introduce one friend to another, for fear of violating so-called "good form," or of infringing some of the fine shades of difference that divide one well-dressed person from another of the same outward appearance and equally becoming garb. A bow, a cold recognition, to a person "not worth while," though respectable and even admirable, costs many a pang. "Why did you present that person to me?" one intimate acquaintance inquires of another. "You know she is not of my set, and never will be; and it is so tiresome to have her smirking at me when I never mean to know her." Here is our triumphant democracy, an extreme case, you will say, but still a not uncommon instance.

The rudeness of the street we separate in thought from the politeness and urbanity which we imagine is enclosed between four walls. But now manners are mainly formed on the street, and too often have the restlessness, hurry, and noise of outdoor contacts. "Why do you say thank you for every little thing?" inquired a niece of an aunt more than twice her age. "It looks countryfied, as if one hadn't been used to much. In society people are never surprised a anything; they accept what they receive as if it were their due, and not a favour."

"May we not thank God?" inquired the old lady meekly. "I have an idea that he has commended gratitude as one of the virtues." "You shouldn't say mister to that man," a young girl remarked to her friend. "Don't call him anything until you get well enough acquainted to use his first name. Mister sounds so antiquated. We say fellow and girl. We left off long ago using lady and gentleman: man and woman is much more stylish. Never say, Yes, sir, and No, sir, even to old people. It is almost as ridiculous as Yes, ma'am, and No, ma'am, used years ago in the country schoolhouse."

As for leisure and friendship, those vanished household divinities, it is almost hopeless to expect that they will ever come back except to recluses, survivals of a past age who are living in retirement, and holding on to some fragments of their youth. But these people are mainly old, quiet scholars, or gentle, gray-haired dames who have preserved the delicate instincts, modesties, and reticences of their girlhood, like faded but ghostly fragrant violets, worn upon the heart. What is to become of us if there is increase of the hideousness of unscrupulous egotism, the ugliness of brutality, and the material mode of living without one spiritual touch or alleviation? How are we to win back to our homes the lost ideals that can alone make life beautiful and good and worth the living? —*The Christian Register.*

Notes and Jottings.

THE April *Hibbert* is a remarkably strong and interesting number. The first five articles seem to stand by themselves, and form an unique and valuable symposium on the New Reformation. It is good to see that the Free Catholic movement has at last become sufficiently important to be noticed by that name in the first article. One rejoices, too, that Mr. Campbell has called attention once more to the quite extraordinary meaning of the Liberal Catholic movement within the Roman Church. It will, however, take some time to convince the ordinary Englishman that there is a world of vital interests outside his own tight little island—movements and agitations which count for far more in the development of Christianity than any discussion on this side of the Channel.

* * * * * *

Roman Catholics are well trained, and know when to range and when to come to heel. It is not their habit to break bounds, or to seek publicity. The Liberals among them have all the self-restraint, the diplomacy and the subtlety with which we credit (or discredit) their Church as a whole. The magnitude and the power of this new movement for Liberalism cannot easily be over-rated. It is a leaven potent enough, in due time, to leaven the whole lump. In the light of this high-minded and all-pervading influence it would be as much a peice of blind stupidity to identify Romanism with the Vatican Policy, or with Jesuitism, or with the Inquisition, as it would be to identify Democracy or Free-thought with the bloody orgies of the French Revolution.

* * * * * *

The truth is that the Liberal Catholic movement is animated by a noble and enlightened spirit. The Marchese Gallarati Scotti, of Milan, to whom Mr. Campbell's article refers, addressed a letter to Don Romolo Murri, which appeared in the *Cultura Sociale* of May 21st last. The paper was immediately suppressed;—doubtless through the secret influence of the Vatican party. Nearly a year has elapsed, and in the *Tribune* of April 18th, we read that Don Murri himself—the Democratic or Christian Socialist Priest—has been suspended from performing Mass and other religious offices. This is in consequence of an article which he wrote against Clericalism and the Vatican policy towards France. But, struck down to-day, these men rise to-morrow, refreshed and strengthened for the battle. Their journals and papers, suppressed to-day, "speedily re-appear," says Sabatier, "the day after, under new names, in better fighting form by reason of their struggles." When we hear of these labours we cannot but recognise the splendid passion and magnificent purpose which inspire the typical Liberal Catholic.

* * * * * * *

The following quotations from Tommaso Gallarati Scotti's letter will prove interesting. They are taken from a translation by the Rev. A. L. Lilley, which appeared in the *Commonwealth* of July, 1906. "You have no need from us of a preliminary profession of the Catholic Faith, since you know, and we have often said it to one another, that our heart and reason fully desire and will religious unity and universality. . . . But, on the other hand, with the consciousness of Christian solidarity that has come of reflection, there has gone on unfolding in us the consciousness of a *reasonable obedience*. Our participation in the Church, our obedience to hierarchical authority, are no longer imposed upon us by fear of the secular arm. Nor are they the effect of a public opinion which declares itself sternly against those who rebel in matters of religion. No, our adhesion is a free act of the will. . . . The step that it is sufficient to take in order to separate oneself from dogma is an invisible once. The door that leads to the Church is always open equally to those who would pass out. . . . Our life in Christianity is in a certain sense an intellectual and moral reconquest. It is a truth sought and found, not accepted blindly on the word of authority: and therefore we cannot renounce continuance in research without diminishing the very energy of our faith."

This insistence on liberty of thought, this determined demand for continuance in research, this conviction that life in Christianity is an intellectual and moral reconquest—these are some of the character-

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istic elements in the Liberal Catholic movement. Its representatives know all the dangers, and act in accordance with their knowledge. "Long meditation has persuaded me," says the same writer, "and persuaded others, to hold ourselves, not indeed listless, but yet apart, to draw together morally, and know one another in our most intimate aspirations, but not to collect ourselves under any banner. We should inevitably be struck down. We live in the Church to-day as under an absolute government. Liberty of association is not permitted, and repulsive systems of espionage, of which I have recent and undoubted proof, are in full vigour against every form of collective intellectual activity. An agreement with official Catholic action would be impossible for us without falsehood.

An open struggle would be useless, because rebellion is only waste of energy. Better it is to labour and await our hour. And that hour cannot be far off."

* * * * * *

Those of us who are happily able to call ourselves Free Catholics must sympathise with the labours of our Liberal Catholic brethren, as with all labours for Truth, for Liberty, for Religion. We, who stand outside their visible Church, may yet be one with them in the Invisible Church of Sympathy and of aspiration towards the same end of Unity and Universality. We cannot help them, and they do not need and would not accept our help. But we can watch and cheer their splendid struggles in a great campaign. We can even assure them and ourselves that in heart and mind and will we are nearer each other than we are to the orthodox Protestant. The day may come sooner than we think, when the Liberal Catholic movement may work itself consistently through into the Free Catholic movement, in which Protestantism and Romanism may be at last transcended and reconciled.

J. M. Lloyd Thomas.

We reap what we sow; but nature has love over and above that justice, and gives us shadow and blossom and fruit that springs from no planting of ours.—*George Eliot.*

Children's Page.

A Pin and a Platter.

"Scat"—

What Mary Elizabeth was pretending to say (or sing) was "Scatter Sunshine," while she did up the dishes; but, when a saucy-nosed boy stands in the doorway and squirts water at you out of a rubber ball, it makes the music stop short or break in two in the middle.

Something else broke as Mary Elizabeth jumped and dropped it, and the boy in the doorway stopped laughing as he saw the beautiful blue pieces. It was mother's best and biggest turkey platter, the one she brought out only for Thanksgivings and birthdays and Christmases, the real old willow pattern, with the funny little bridge and the flying birds and the queer little willow-shaded pagodas. Mother always washed this platter herself, except when she trusted it to Mary Elizabeth. It was not a thing to be trusted to any but careful persons. Yet there on the floor were the precious old blue pieces, with a very sober boy and girl looking speechlessly at the ruin.

The boy spoke first, putting the blame off on his sister:—

"Well, you've done it, and your birthday, too! Just like you."

"Just like *you*, Jeff, saying that!" blazed the girl. "I wouldn't have dropped it at all if you hadn't come around and scared me with your old rubber ball. And you give it here, now. See if you ever get it again."

A swoop of her long arms gained possession of the ball; but, as she came near, something fell out of her tiny blue-collar ribbon, and Jeff snatched it, running off triumphantly as he heard steps coming into the kitchen. So it was Mary Elizabeth who had to answer questions about the broken platter.

Mother was usually kind and patient; but this was a regular old great-grand-mother platter, and Mary Elizabeth hated the sight of mother's sober face as she picked up the pieces. The birthday was all spoiled, and she choked a good deal as she put up her hand to her neck to feel the pretty blue enamel pin that

had made her so happy ever since morning. So much couldn't be spoiled even by a plaguing boy that made you jump with his old rubber balls and break your mother's best old willow-pattern turkey platter. But, oh, oh, what *could* have happened to it? The blue enamel pin wasn't there.

It took her just about two minutes to find Jeff out by the gateway down by the end of the shrubbery.

"Where's my blue pin?" she demanded, facing him with her hands behind her.

"Where's my rubber ball?" said Jeff, with both hands in his pockets.

"You can have your old rubber ball," she cried, tossing it at him.

"Same to you," he said, taking one hand out of his pocket, and throwing something at her.

She caught the shine and sparkle of it, and then down, down it fell, and dropped from sight somewhere in the tufts of grass at their feet. She fell on her knees and hunted and hunted, but all to no purpose. His eyes were no sharper, and a half-hour's hunting failed to seek out its hiding-place.

"I'll make you feel sorry for that, see 'f I don't!" she cried at last, jumping up, and running back into the house with a very flushed face.

Those two were always fighting, scarcely stopping even to make up, for Jeff had one very bad fault. He never would say he was sorry.

"If anybody ever forgives you," said mother, "they have to do it out of whole cloth. I hope to see the day when somebody makes you own up like a gentleman. The only way to make up for meanness is to say you're sorry."

Sorry or not, left to himself, Jeff went on hunting.

"Only just took it to get even," he muttered, grubbing among the grass roots. "She'd got the ball, and she was a-going to tell on me. Girls always do. Don't know's I care. Mother says I can't have a ball all summer to pay for breaking that old blue thing. Just like a girl—to go and tell."

The truth was that nobody had said a word. It was mother who had *seen*.

"He has that sneaky way with him," mother was saying when Mary Elizabeth came in at the side door, "of doing a thing and then never owning up about it or saying he is sorry. *He* broke that platter, and he shall pay for it somehow."

It wasn't the platter that troubled her, but the boy; and the "pay" she meant was punishment. But Mary Elizabeth thought the platter was the matter. And how in the world could poor Jeff ever pay for it? She knew he hadn't any money. All of a sudden a new kind of feeling came into her heart, and she was sorry for poor, bothering Jeff, who was always getting her into troubled and never troubling himself to get her out.

She ran to her own box and counted. Two quarters and a ten and two five-cent pieces. There was a platter exactly like it down street in a store she knew, but that would never buy it. What were they to do?

Just at that minute the door opened, and Jeff held out his hand jerkily.

"Here's your pin," he said, and his voice was gruff and cross; for he had been hunting a good hour, and it was hot there.

"O Jeff," cried his sister, darting at him. The gladness in her voice made him turn and look at her, for it was gladness with love in it. "Jeff, *now* I can help you to pay for that platter. I heard mother say you couldn't play ball again this summer because you broke it; but, if you get her another, you can. I know they'll let us have that beauty one down at Blake's for this pin and what money there is, so come along."

It took him some time to understand and say yes; but before dusk the two came marching back with a great flat bundle which they carried right up to mother, and asked her to see what was in it.

"It's the platter, a new one," said Mary Elizabeth,—"to pay for the old one. You said he'd got to. We bought it together, and now he can have his ball, can't he? And he's sorry, mother, aren't you, Jeff, honest?"

"Cross my heart," said Jeff, solemnly.

But, when they came to undo the platter there was a little bundle in white tissue paper tied tight to the string that held the big one. It had a little blue pin in it, and there was

a two-line note from Mr. Blake saying that the only use he had for such a pin after all was as a keepsake, and he thought he could remember what a kind little sister she was without that. He hoped the platter would suit, and she must come in some day (wearing the pin) and tell him if her mother said so.—*Anna B. Bryant.*

News from the Field.

At this season of the year it is especially difficult, in a rapid summary, to keep pace with the varied activities of a scattered group of congregations like ours. We are in danger of omitting events of importance, and giving undue weight to those of only temporary moment. But we tell our story as best we can.

We note that, in friendly and appreciative spirit, the congregation at *Rochdale* has taken leave of the *Rev. J. Spedding*, and, with kindly words, and substantial gifts has cheered him on his way to his out-door Mission with the "Vans."

At *Poole*, the *Rev. J. Burton, B.A.*, has resigned his charge; at *Reading* the *Rev. R. N. H. Bloor, B.A.*, has also resigned; and in consequence of ill-health, the *Rev. F. A. Homer* has given up his work at *Taunton*; and *Mrs. Broadrick* has resigned the charge of the *Bristol* Mission. Changes like these, however, to be deplored, are inevitable.

Halifax invited Rev. E. J. Fripp to its *Ministry*, but he has declined the call; *Belfast* (First House) has given a call to the *Rev. H. J. Rossington, M.A.*, who has accepted the same—he and the congregation are alike to be congratulated; *Ashton-under-Lyne* has invited the *Rev. J. Barron*, of *Tavistock*, to its ministry, and he has promised to go; *Sheffield* has set apart the *Rev. J. W. Cock* as Assistant to the *Rev. C. J. Street, M.A.*, and the service conducted by *Principal Carpenter, M.A.*, and *Rev. C. J. Street* was of an impressive and greatly to be remembered character.

Other changes in the Ministry have no doubt occurred, but we have no note of them up to the time of writing.

Throughout the country there have been manifold activities, so many and important, that it is all but impossible adequately to record the same.

The *North and East-Lancashire* Mission has met at *Blackpool*, with the *Rev. J. Wood* as preacher; the *Manchester District Association* gathered at *Cross Street Chapel*, with *Rev. J. H. Weatherall, M.A.*, as preacher; the *Provincial Assembly of London and N.E. Counties* met at *Brixton*; the *Blackfriar's Mission* celebrated its anniversary at *Stamford Street*; the *Durning Hall Institute* met at *Limehouse, E.*; the *Mansford Street Mission* was alert and hopeful at its anniversary; the *Liverpool District Missionary Association* told its annual story of active work; and in every one of these instances any onlooker would say good work had been done. Men and women workers were in serious earnest, and a fine courage, and great hopefulness animated them all as they told their stories, and took up their work anew.

So, also, the high-water mark of fine work done and noble earnestness revealed was reached by the *Manchester District Sunday School Association* on Good Friday. The annual gatherings of this body make a red-letter day among our Lancashire, Yorkshire, and Cheshire friends. The spirit revealed tells of the fire of zeal burning in our schools, and the sublime devotion of our teachers. The *Rev. A. Fox, M.A.*, was the worthy and efficient preacher, and he fully kept up the standard of his predecessors in that honourable position. The report was cheerful the speeches inspiring, and the various gatherings enthusiastic. A good report was also presented at the *North-Midland Sunday School Association*, which met at *Mansfield*. Everybody was in good spirits, and no one went away disheartened.

The friends of the *Manchester Domestic Mission* have published the thoughtful and encouraging report of their Missionaries, the *Rev. A. W. Timmis* and the *Rev. J. W. Bishop*; the *Birmingham Mission* at *Fazeley Street* has sent out one of the most helpful reports from its successful Missionary, the *Rev. Thomas Pipe*; and the *Bristol Mission* tells of the good work done by *Mrs. Broadrick*, who now resigns her charge. All these Misions go down into the deep places of life in great cities, and tell of self-sacrificing labours and great helpfulness to those who are in direst need.

The *British and Foreign Unitarian Association* works away at its great enterprises, and, at its half-yearly meeting, was able to record great work attempted and efficiently done; it re-animates its friends and supporters by the breadth of its aims, the tenacity of its purposes, and the generous spirit in which it reaches out a helping hand to every good cause throughout the country.

Our *Liverpool* Congregations unite in real Temperance work, and celebrated their anniversary in *Ullet Road Hall*, under the Presidency of the *Lord Mayor of the City*. The speaker of the occasion, the *Rev. James C. Street*, like the Lord Mayor, was a lifelong abstainer. The procedings were of a cheery character.

At *Sheffield*, the *Attercliffe* people had a successful sale of work, and realised a sum of £31, a most useful addition to their funds.

The friends at *Leeds* set a very good example the other day by holding a Drawing Room Meeting to win additional support to the *Home Missionary College*. Much interest was excited,

and the funds of the College, it is hoped, will be substantially augmented in consequence.

The *Ministers' Pension and Insurance Society*, in its report shows good work done, and special cases substantially and efficiently aided. It deserves the widest support of all who are concerned about the dignity and honour of our Ministry.

The *Oldbury* people, in a most loving spirit, have shewn their appreciation of their late Minister, the *Rev. Henry McKean*, by erecting a new organ, placing a suitable tablet on the walls of the Chapel, and holding a Memorial Service, with the *Rev. James C. Street* as preacher. The building was crowded. *Mr. H. New* declared the organ opened, and was presented with a silver gilt key. The Chairman of the local Board unveiled the Tablet, and Mr. Street preached a helpful sermon. At the meeting before the service the speakers included the Superintendent Wesleyan Minister, and the Superintendent New Connexion Minister. A brotherly and tender spirit was evident in all the proceedings.

It was a very gracious and fitting thing that the *Home Missionary College*, through its Principal and Officers, should present an address to the Chairman of its Committee, Colonel Pilcher, who has been its unflagging and wise supporter throughout its history. The incident reflects honour upon all concerned. We understand that a Commission has been given to a capable artist to paint a portrait of the Colonel, which is to be placed on the walls of the College as a memento of his devoted services.

Most cheering it is to see a veteran worker like the *Rev. John Page Hopps* going about the country, and, recently, among our congregations in the Principality preaching his good tidings, and holding aloft the banner of liberty, truth, and spirituality.

In the same connection may be recorded the wonderful energy and devotion of the *Rev. J. Wood*, who notwithstanding sometime feeble health, is taking up his work as President of the Triennial Conference seriously, and giving time, labour, and thought to the demands of the whole country, and serves wherever he can to help every cause which promotes righteousness. These examples should ever be before our younger Ministers. They also will be called to sacrifice and devotion.

We record, with sorrow, the passing away from us of goodly women like *Mrs. G. Vance Smith*, of *Bowdon*; *Mrs. H. Harris*, of *Peckham*; and *Mrs. Jessie Hind*, of *Nottingham*; as well as stalwart friends and fellow-workers like the *Rev. J. Miskimmin*, of *Greyabbey*; *Mr. J. Taylor*, of *Accrington*; and *Mr. Matley*, of *Urmston*. These and such as these live, work, and die among us, but their lives inspire others and cheer them on their upward way.

SCRUTATOR.

April 15th, 1907.

Love.

Let me but love my love without disguise,
Nor wear a mask of fashion old or new,
Nor wait to speak till I can hear a cue,
Nor play a part to shine in others' eyes,
Nor bow my knees to what my heart denies;
But what I am, to that let me be true,
And let me worship where my love is due,
And so through love and worship let me rise.

For love is but the heart's immortal thirst
To be completely known and all forgiven,
Even as sinful souls that enter heaven;
So take me, dear, and understand my worst,
And freely pardon it, because confessed.
And let me find, in loving thee, my best.

HENRY VAN DYKE.

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